Smith's Report

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Confronting Human Nature at the USHMM

Bradley Smith

Sara Bloomfield, Director
United States Holocaust Memorial Museum
100 Raoul Wallenberg Pl. SW
Washington, DC 20024-2126
Main telephone: 202.488.0400
TTY: 202.488.0406

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Ms. Bloomfield.

On the Website of the USHMM there is a page titled Voices on Anti-Semitism http://tinyurl.com/kukxuny
There I find a podcast where you make a number of interesting, morally valuable observations. On the question of "The power of hate" you say: "I think our Museum presents the Holocaust in a way that challenges people to confront human nature—the entire spectrum, from extraordinary evil that led to the mass murder of Jews to the extraordinary goodness of people who risked their lives, risked the lives of their families to save another human being . . . ."

With regard to "confronting human nature":

I believe you would acknowledge that you are aware of who Abraham Bomba was,

Sara Bloomfield

that he is featured on your Website testifying on film to the fact that as a Sonderkommando he collaborated with Germans in the mass-murder of maybe a million Jews at Treblinka. http://tinyurl.com/llw4j2p

At the same time I find no suggestion at the USHMM that any effort has ever been made to confront the "human nature" of Mr. Bomba's behavior. In fact, on your Website he is treated with respect as if he were merely a victim, even perhaps something of a hero.

The Bomba testimony on film that the Museum has chosen to display includes this text: "Mr. Bomba was chosen to cut women's hair before these women were to be gassed." At one place Bomba himself testifies:

"I knew them; I lived with them in my town. I lived with them in my street, and some of them were my close friends. And when they saw me, they started asking me, Abe this and Abe that—'What's going to happen to us?' What could you tell them? What could you tell? . . . Can you imagine that you have

to cut their hair and not to tell them a word because you were not allowed? If you say a word that they going to…uh…be gassed in five or seven minutes later, there would be a panic over there and they (the barbers) would be killed too . . . "

In short, Mr. Bomba testifies on film that he collaborated with Germans in the mass murder of Jews at Treblinka. The Museum exploits his testimony to raise money for the Museum. But there is no evidence anywhere on the Museum's Website that anyone there has made any effort whatever to confront the "human nature" of Mr. Bomba. When a man confesses on film to collaborating with Germans in the extermination of thousands of Jewish children, do you not see something there, in the "human nature" of the man, that needs to be, if not confronted, at least addressed?

I may be mistaken, but one has the impression that you are being purposefully blind to the fact that Mr. Bomba's collaboration with Germans in the mass-gassings of Jews represents what we have been encouraged to consider as a war crime for which Germans and others have been tried, convicted, and executed. Ms. Bloomfield: do you not think it time that someone at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum confronts the "human nature" of such individuals as Abraham Bomba, their decisions to participate in the extermination of the Jews?

Why is it not time? What is it that is so very special about Abraham Bomba and his collaboration with Germans in the mass murder of Jews? To what purpose might his guilt be found acceptable, his testimony exploited, other than to raise funds for your Museum?

Looking forward to any thoughts you might want to share about the "human nature" of this particular collaborator, and the purpose of the Museum in collaborating with him.

Bradley R. Smith
Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust
PO Box 439016
San Ysidro, California 92143
Email: bradley1930@yahoo.com
Blog: www.codohfounder.com

Doing What Matters at the USHMM

Bradley Smith

Sara Bloomfield, Director
United States Holocaust Memorial Museum
100 Raoul Wallenberg Place, SW
Washington, DC 20024-2126
Main telephone: 202.488.0400
TTY: 202.488.0406

26 March 2014

Ms. Bloomfield:

I have just read the article in The Jewish Daily Forward titled "Holocaust Museum Turns 20 as Sara Bloomfield Ends Controversies." http://tinyurl.com/pubn57n

Written by Nathan Guttman, the article was occasioned by the coming 2014 Days of Remembrance gala to take place throughout Western culture in late April.

Guttman notes that Deborah Lipstadt, professor of Holocaust Studies at Emory University, has said that you are an excellent administrator and "modest enough to not make a pretense of being a scholar." We have more in common than I had thought. I'm certainly not a scholar, and it's good to know that I am not addressing someone who claims to one. At the same time, we both address some of the most important matters of this 21st Century. As lay persons, how do we do that?

In the Forward you are quoted as saying: "We know that when all the eyewitnesses are gone the (USHMM document) collection will be the sole authentic witness to the Holocaust." The implication here is that the survivor testimony you sponsor at the USHMM is authentic. Because much of that testimony is intended to illustrate the criminal monstrosity of Germans, we would both want to look soberly at what we are told

is "authentic." We share one thing alike, you and me and the scholar. We're human, so sometimes we are mistaken, and sometimes some of us are not honest.

To that point, your USHMM promotes on film the eyewitness testimony of one Filip Müller, author of "Three Years in the Gas Chambers," and according to USHMM scholars an "authentic" eyewitness to German monstrosity. In his book he testifies to collaborating with Germans as a member of the Sonderkommando in the extermination of the Jewish people. In one anecdote promoted by your Museum scholars, Mr. Müller relates how on some days in the crematoria German doctors would slice pieces of flesh off still-living Jews and throw fragments of it into buckets. Because the muscles of some were still working and contracting, those pieces of flesh would make "the bucket jump about."

Make the bucket jump about? There on the crematory floor? I question that. I do not believe you do. I would ask you why? Because you are not a scholar? If one of your Museum scholars were to produce testimony from a Sonderkommando that there were German houseflies the size of horses feeding on the dead at Auschwitz, would you not question that? Why not? Because you are not a scholar?

Do you believe it is anti-Semitic to question Filip Müller's jumping-buckets-of-flesh story? Does my doubt about the jumping-buckets-of-flesh tale suggest that I "hate" you, Sara, because you're a Jew? I can get annoyed with a Jew about this or that, I'm just a guy, but I get annoyed with my wife sometimes too. Does that mean I hate my wife? No, Sara. Not my wife. Not you.

In your remarks about the coming Days of Remembrance 2014 you say: "It's really a moral challenge to us to do more in our own lives when we confront injustice or hatred or genocide."

http://tinyurl.com/nvpouvo

Again, I agree with you. I believe you and I have a moral challenge to confront such hateful (and stupid) accusations as the "jumping-buckets-of-flesh" testimonies. Such testimony is false, it is unjust, and it is an open expression of racist, anti-German hatred. Those who lie about such matters, who promote such lies and profit by them, are moral criminals, guilty of everything your Museum stands against. We have to keep in mind that the moral challenge you speak of is oftentimes more difficult for some of us than for our perceived enemies.

One moral issue the USHMM has chosen to emphasize is the failure of the Americans to bomb the rail lines leading to Auschwitz, which theoretically would have saved the lives of many Jews. I am not aware of anyone at the USHMM who has addressed the fact that the "Americans" intentionally burned alive hundreds of thousands of German children, their sisters and mothers and the elderly via mass fire-bombings. Do you not see a "moral issue" there? Does it make a difference for you that those children were German? Is that not a moral challenge that should be addressed by your USHMM?

On March 6th, you attended the United States Holocaust Museum 2014 Los Angeles Dinner. The theme of the event was, "What you do matters." That's a principled theme.

You have said "our Museum is reaching out to millions worldwide, one by one, challenging each of us to act." Sara, why do you not feel challenged to act on the question of the United States Holocaust Museum exploiting false eyewitness testimony to condemn Germans? While you do not originate such false eyewitness testimony (lies), you do administer their promotion by USHMM staff and in-house scholars to raise tens of millions of dollars yearly for your Museum. What you do, matters.

You have said: "The Holocaust teaches how easily hate can grow and incubate in a group environment."

http://tinyurl.com/kcozs4z

Does it not occur to you that the false testimony of the Filip Müllers and other false "eyewitnesses" to alleged German actions are expressions of how hate has grown and incubated in the environment created by your own USHMM?

What you do, and what you do not do at your Museum, really does matter.

Bradley R. Smith
Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust
PO Box 439016
San Ysidro, California 92143
Email: bradley1930@yahoo.com
Blog: www.codohfounder.com

Oliver Stone: Jewish Control of the Media Is Preventing Free Holocaust Debate

By Haaretz Service
Jul. 26, 2010 | 9:48 AM
http://tinyurl.com/2cjy7ub

Outspoken Hollywood director says new film aims to put Adolf Hitler, who he has called an 'easy scapegoat' in the past, in his due historical context.
http://tinyurl.com/2cjy7ub

Jewish control of the media is preventing an open discussion of the Holocaust, prominent Hollywood director Oliver Stone told the Sunday Times, adding that the U.S. Jewish lobby was controlling Washington's foreign policy for years.

In the Sunday interview, Stone reportedly said U.S. public opinion was focused on the Holocaust as a result of the "Jewish domination of the media," adding that an upcoming film of him aims to put Adolf Hitler and Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin "in context."

"There's a major lobby in the United States," Stone said, adding that "they are hard workers. They stay on top of every comment, the most powerful lobby in Washington."

The famed Hollywood director of such films as "Platoon" and "JFK," also said that while "Hitler was a Frankenstein," there was also a "Dr Frankenstein."

"German industrialists, the Americans and the British. He had a lot of support," Stone told the Sunday Times, adding that "Hitler did far more damage to the Russians than the Jewish people, 25 or 30 [million killed]."

Oliver Stone
Photo by AP

Referring to the alleged influence of the powerful Jewish lobby on U.S. foreign policy, Stone said that Israel had distorted "United States foreign policy for years," adding he felt U.S. policy toward Iran was "horrible."

"Iran isn't necessarily the good guy," Stone said, insisting that Americans did not "know the full story."

Stone's comments to the Sunday times echo previous remarks by the Hollywood director, regarding what he perceives as the distorted view of figures such as Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin in U.S. media.

Earlier this year, Stone, speaking at the at the Television Critics Association's semi-annual press tour in Pasadena said that "Hitler is an easy scapegoat throughout history and it's been used cheaply."

"He's the product of a series of actions. It's cause and effect ... People in America don't know the connection between World War I and World War II," Stone said, adding that through his documentary work he has been able to "walk in Stalin's shoes and Hitler's shoes to understand their point of view."

"We're going to educate our minds and liberalize them and broaden them. We want to move beyond opinions ... Go into the funding of the Nazi party. How many American corporations were involved, from GM through IBM. Hitler is just a man who could have easily been assassinated," Stone said.

One Observation Here

It surprises me to be quoting Oliver Stone. But when Stone observes that “Hitler is just a man who could have easily been assassinated,” a little flash illuminates the brain.

It was one day in Vietnam in 1968. One day. It was a day like hundreds of other days that I did not see personally, but they happened. It was experienced by tens of thousands of other Americans and Vietnamese soldiers on hundreds of other streets, paddies and mountains for years. They, we, were all following orders from the Big Guy who on every side was only a man who

could have been assassinated but we chose to kill each other instead. Following is the story of how I first imagined that it was a concept that had a moral edge to it that we were all ignoring. An edge that by the end of that one day, cut through my heart.

I ask you to forgive my language at the end. That's how it was.

Che Guevara in Saigon -- 1968

Bradley Smith

When I saw the first light of day come in through the window I pushed the three paperback books I used for a pillow against the wall and rolled up the reed mat and stood it in the corner of the room. On the bed, Bryant turned onto his side snoring lightly. Bryant's a Quaker, but he still snores.

I was in the little cement bathroom shaving in cold water when I heard the measured chugging of the fifties start up out in Cholon. It was agreeable to me to know they were still there, that the routine of the battle had not altered. An hour, half an hour later the fifties and even the sound of tank artillery would be lost in the noise of traffic as the city began to go about its business.

Down on the street I walked quickly with my hands in my pockets against the chill while young men in white uniform shirts and billed caps bicycled toward the gates of the National Police compound. They carried their identification cards gripped in their teeth so that the guards could check their photographs. I cut over to Tran Hung Dao and began walking toward Cholon. There was no more money for cabs.

I walked fast along Tran Hung Dao for half an hour then walked through a wide wooden doorway into a courtyard where workers straddling bicycles and wearing pith helmets were eating soup and drinking tea around a green wooden stall. I bought a cheese sandwich on a French roll and a bottle of orange soda pop. While the workers watched me carelessly I stuffed the sandwich inside my shirt, the bottle of soda in one pocket and started walking again.

I walked past the police barricade at Dong Khan Street to the corner of Thong Duc Phoung where one company of the 35th Vietnamese Rangers had its aid station. The medic and the two stretcher-bearers were sitting on the curbing in front of their jeeps. The two blood-spattered stretchers were standing upright against a shop front. Ahead, the pavement was covered with rubble and some of the buildings were smoking. A pagoda had collapsed and I walked around the orange-tiled roof that had settled down intact onto the street. I could hear the AK-47s and M-16s now. I walked past Rangers standing silently in doorways with their weapons and then I saw Captain Thatcher sitting in his jeep with his American driver ready to advise his Vietnamese counterpart if his counterpart asked for advice, which was not very likely. It was good to see Thatcher there. Every morning it was as if I could count on him.

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning," Thatcher said.

"How's it look today?"

"It looks like shit. The way it always looks with these people."

"What was the tally yesterday?"

"Three dead, seven wounded. Ours."

"Not bad for all that shooting."

"Light casualties, no progress. These people are satisfied with that."

"They do seem to be."

I was satisfied myself. I didn't want to say so. I wasn't very interested in progress, in victory or in defeat either. I still thought I was interested in the process. I believe I still believed that I was convinced that in the process of risking death something significant could be identified.

It was a very nice morning. The sun was bright but the air was still cool and fresh. I had my sandwich and something to drink. I had my notepad and two ballpoint pens with black ink. I was set for the rest of the day. Up at the next corner there was on-again off-again small arms

fire. The tension was there. The possibilities.

I strolled over to the nearest shop front and looked in through the open doorway. It was a stationery store. The inventory was in a real mess. The next shop sold children's and women's clothes. Everything was in order there except for the Viet Cong corpse in black pajamas lying on its back in the center aisle. The open eyes were full of a sky blue liquid. I gave the bottom of one of his feet a little kick just to make sure and ripples passed through the blue in his eyes. Out on the street I saw Thatcher watching me.

"What did you think of that one?"

"I don't know what that was. I can't figure it out."

"I can't figure any of this," Thatcher said. "You want to see what these people can do when they're in the mood?"

I followed him into a bicycle repair shop. Small arms fire was rattling in bursts on the streets on either side of our street. As we entered the bicycle shop Thatcher gestured toward some holes that went through the brick wall. Inside to the left there was a row of shattered glass display cases running toward the back about two feet out from the wall.

"Last night Trung set up a fifty on that balcony across the street and waited. He sat there all night and this morning at dawn he shot the shit out of this place."

Four Viet Cong corpses were strung out in a line in the aisle behind the glass cases, each one on its belly with its head toward the rear of the shop where a crawl hole had been knocked through the side wall into the back of the shop next door. When they were still alive the corpses must have moved to the front of the shop to look for targets where Captain Truong had heard or seen or sensed them and started up his fifty. The corpses that weren't corpses yet dove frantically behind the display cases and scrabbled one after the other back toward the hole in the wall they had come through. One by one they had been made into corpses until the one in the lead was halfway through the hole where he had been caught with his ass in the air and his head down on the floor on the other side.

"This one's easy to figure out," I said.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Thatcher said.

"The story line is straight as an arrow. It's so straight it's eerie."

"It's a story with a happy ending. It's the kind of story we ought to see more of around here. If these people'd show a little imagination we'd see happy stories like this every day."

"Nothing beats a happy story."

"That's what we're trying to do here, create lots of happy stories."

At mid-morning one platoon of Rangers formed up and headed single file into a maze of alleys and buildings. I went with them. The idea was to get in behind one of the two thirties the VC had trained on the intersection. We left the alleys and walked through passageways covered with tin roofs and chicken wire screens and came to the rear entrance to a large brick building. The lieutenant signaled us to get down and we sat down, some of the men with their back to the building wall, some of us facing it. I sat facing it. The lieutenant cranked up his telephone and was talking into it quietly when there was a terrific cracking explosion inside the building. There was a moment of frozen fear, then the realization that no one was hurt. A couple of the Rangers grinned. We went on sitting quietly against the walls on either side of the passageway. The lieutenant talked quietly into his telephone. I began making notes on my pad.

There was another sharp crashing explosion. It reverberated wildly under the tin roofs. A moment later I heard a soft human sound and a Ranger sitting across from me fell slowly forward until he was lying on his face. His back was opened up like a great bloody flowering plant. Then one explosion followed another and I understood it was our own tank artillery firing into the building ahead of us and that we were getting it too. Another Ranger fell forward, the noise became catastrophic, then part of a head came skidding across the stone alleyway on its hairy side and we all understood at once we had to get out. It was something like terror. There was yelling and running and yet enough courage to use enough time to carry out two wounded and the corpse with part of its head sliced off. No one bothered with the part.

As we came out of the alley Thatcher was standing at his jeep watching. At that moment thought reminded me that at thirty-eight years I was the oldest man there. I was older than Thatcher. I was holding the ball-

point pen in one hand and the notepad in the other.

"Vietnamese tankers," Thatcher said.

"I figured." Then I saw the blood on the front of my shirt and pants, and I felt ashamed.

After lunch the Saigon firemen showed up with their aluminum helmets and the long poles with the hooks on the end and began dragging the corpses out of the smoking shop fronts. Some of the corpses were still fresh and soft and when the firemen threw them up in the back of their flatbed truck little clouds of ash poofed up from them.

In the late afternoon it was decided the Rangers would force the intersection in a company charge and occupy the four-story hotel further up the street. There was a cafe on the corner, behind it a couple one-story shops, then the hotel. There were two Sherman tanks with Vietnamese crews to lead the attack, the two that had killed one of us a couple hours earlier.

At sundown the Ranger Company was still formed in a column of twos along the east side of the street. Overhead the sky was growing dark. On the street the air was humid and thick. The battalion colonel had arrived and was arguing furiously with the tank commander, who was standing half out of his turret yelling down at the colonel, and holding up a bloody thumb. I walked over to Thatcher to ask what was going on. Just then the lead tank fired off a round and I jumped about a foot in the air. When I came back down I was pissed.

"What the hell was that for?" I said.

"The tankers are getting frustrated. They don't like the plan, and now their leader has hurt his thumb and wants to go home."

"I don't blame them for not liking the plan. Why doesn't Truong send some people over the roofs there and get down on top of that thirty?"

"There's a lot of things could be done in this situation if these people had any imagination."

"I've never seen an officer refuse an order." I watched the tanker telling his colonel to shove it along. "This is a first for me."

"Be sure to write it up that way," Thatcher said.

"If the Americans are going to train these people, they ought to train them right."

"You can only do so much with these people."

"The people up north do pretty well with them."

Thatcher didn't say anything.

Suddenly both tanks gunned forward firing their artillery. The lead tank blasted the corner cafe and through the wall behind it while the second fired up into the hotel beyond. Then the Rangers let out a great cry and broke into a run in a column up the sidewalk past the closed shop fronts and there was the noise of a hundred men in full gear, their boots striking the concrete, their equipment thudding and clanking and then they were charging across the street past the cafe and into the cafe and there were Rangers crumpled on the pavement in the intersection and there was the patter of the thirty out of sight around the corner.

Then there was a tremendous explosion and flash of light in front of the hotel and the lead tank didn't pause but continued right on up the street as if it had someplace else to go. As the second tank started to pass the front of the hotel firing its artillery I saw a figure in black lean out of a second-story window and drop a package that looked like a fat briefcase. There was a terrific explosion and light-flash over the top of the second tank and an instant later the lid of the tank turret opened and a tanker jumped down on the pavement and staggered across the street, the fingers of one hand spurting blood like four or five open faucets.

The charge petered out and Captain Truong yelled and pushed his men up the sidewalk, he pleaded and threatened, but they wouldn't go out anymore into the intersection where they were being machine-gunned. I had never seen soldiers refuse to follow an order and while I watched something inside me turned around painfully. I watched while individual Rangers who tried to rescue their comrades who had fallen in the intersection were machine-gunned themselves.

When B-40 rockets began exploding inside the corner cafe and a Ranger walked out without his helmet or his rifle and sauntered across the street toward us I noted on my pad the peculiar smile on his face and when he reached us the way his friends embraced him laughing and slapping his back and how the Viet Cong machine gunner had refrained from killing him and I jotted down in my notebook "Why?"

I watched while the Rangers tried to make it back from the cafe one by one as night fell and how they were machine-gunned

before they could get even a few steps or how they made it, one shot through the neck but making it, one shot in the hip who made it too, limping and grunting and when he was safe with his comrades how one of them picked him up piggyback and carried him up the street toward the aid station.

I watched one Ranger shot in the stomach very carefully crawling across the pavement toward us whimpering and crying until two of his buddies ran out into the bullet storm and dragged him back over the curbing and how the last Ranger who was quite tall for a Vietnamese made it almost all the way across before he was jerked to a stop in mid pace with a handful of bullets in his chest and how he staggered, caught himself, took two more steps forward and fell into the arms of his comrades.

Of course there were many things I missed seeing. Then the shooting stopped, and it was dark. Buildings were smoking and burning everywhere, for the fighting had taken place on many streets and intersections, not just where we were. Flames illuminated the tops of buildings in eerie, gorgeous ways. One Ranger had been shot in both arms and wouldn't allow anyone to lift him off the pavement. He moaned in a peculiar way and in the tortured light from the flaming buildings I could see his face turning to stone.

Two Rangers were trying to take a green wooden door off a storefront. I watched them working at the door fastidiously, as if they didn't want to damage someone's property. When I realized they wanted to use the door for a stretcher I went over and tore it off its hinges and threw it in the street. I was in a rage. The three of us stood there looking at each other and I still had the notepad and the pen in one hand. I put them in my shirt pocket and we put the wounded, strangely moaning Ranger on the door and another Ranger came over and the four of us picked up the door carefully and started back toward the aid station. We moved slowly in the dark through the rubble. We carried him past the pagoda roof. The wounded Ranger wasn't moaning, I realized, he was chanting in a low rhythmic voice. It didn't resemble anything I had ever heard.

At the corner of *Tong Duc Phuon* it began to rain. We carried the door inside a dark drugstore and set it down. Outside, wounded Rangers lay on the sidewalk in the dark in the heavy rain. Their comrades spread ponchos over them. Rangers who weren't wounded pressed back with their weapons into doorways. Thatcher was standing in the entrance to the drugstore making entries in his little black notebook. I knew he was doing the tally, one column for wounded, a second for dead. Every evening at sundown Captain Thatcher started his tally. On the other streets all across *Cholon* at that moment American advisers were standing in doorways out of the rain with their notebooks and ballpoint pens recording the tally.

I moved down the street and stood in a doorway crowded with half a dozen Rangers. It was very dark. No one spoke. The rain poured into the street. A few blocks away fires burned out of the tops of the buildings, beautifully illuminating the great cloud billows of smoke. After a while I heard Captain Thatcher's driver start up the jeep and a moment later it pulled up at the curbing in front of the doorway where I was standing among the Rangers.

"Time for beddy-bye," Thatcher said. Every evening at nightfall for ten nights Thatcher had given me a ride toward the room.

"I'm going to hang around for a while."

"Big plans are one thing," Thatcher said enigmatically. "Taking care of business is something else."

"I suppose so," I said. I didn't have the least idea what he meant.

"See you tomorrow then."

"Yeah."

When the jeep taillights were lost in the rain I started walking in the downpour. I walked through the roadblocks toward *Trung Hung Dao*. It was after curfew and the streets were deserted. *Trung Hung Dao* is one of the main thoroughfares in Saigon but there were no streetlights and not a single window had light coming from it. I walked as fast as I could in the rain. I hadn't thought that part of the city would be so deserted. I went out in the middle of the street and started running to keep warm. That made me think how I could be shot for the wrong reason and I started walking again but I stayed in the middle of the street.

Memory began going over what I had seen during the day. It recalled what I'd seen the day before and the day before that. It played back the scenes from over in the Eighth District, then

the ones from First District. It produced pictures of what I saw around *Sedec* in the Mekong and on the road to *Tay Ninh* and outside *Mee Tah.*

There was no particular order of appearance. The pictures just kept coming, one crazy bloody scene after another like those dreams that appear pointless but have an insanely driving persistence.

It took about an hour to walk to the room. It rained hard the whole time and the streets were empty and dark. I was defenseless. Then I was climbing the flight of stairs to the room and when I opened the door Bryant was sitting on the bed in his shorts with his back to wall reading Time magazine and listening to his Beatles recording of The Lonely Hearts Club Band. He looked up as if he was going to ask me a question, but he didn't say anything.

Then he said: "You look like you've been to hell and back," and he laughed. In the bathroom I looked at myself in the medicine cabinet mirror. I was sopping but I looked normal.

Bryant said: "When you opened the door and I saw you there, it was the expression on your face."

I showered in the cold water and dried off with a clean towel and put on fresh shorts and a clean shirt. I rolled out my mat on the floor and lay down and drew the three paperback books beneath the back of my head. Bryant put another Beatles recording on his machine. Outside I could hear the rainwater rushing off the tiled roof and splashing on the street below. The Beatles music was cheerful.

Bryant said: "Well, how'd it go out there today?"

"Just like the other days. Same, same."

"I thought maybe something unusual happened."

"No. It was exactly like the other days."

Books and magazines were scattered around the floor as usual. I picked up the magazine closest to me. It was a recent issue of *Ramparts*, the one with Che Guevara's portrait on the cover painted in flaming reds

Che Guevara

and Guevara in a beret looking rakish and heroic. It was the issue where Ramparts published Guevara's "Letter to the Bolivian People."

The Letter to the Bolivian People recounted a feat of arms Guevara had directed where his guerrilla group had ambushed a Bolivian army patrol and bushwhacked four of its members. The letter was a sensitive apology to the mothers of the four dead soldiers and an explanation of why it had been necessary that he, Guevara, shoot their sons. It was a touching letter. There was a certain generosity to it.

Guevara empathized with the pain and loss he understood the four mothers were experiencing. He wrote that he had no personal grievance against their sons and had shot them not as individuals but as representatives of the Bolivian State under General Baronets. Guevara then spoke to all the mothers of Bolivia, explaining that he would soon begin shooting their sons too, and it was necessary for all Bolivian mothers to prepare to bear the pain he was going to bring them in order to set them free.

Uncertainly at first, then with the growing understanding of an avalanche, I saw that the revolution Guevara was making in Bolivia belonged to him, not the mothers he was addressing. The mothers hadn't asked him for it. He hadn't asked the mothers if they wanted it. Guevara wanted it himself however and he was going to give it to the Bolivian mothers whether they wanted it or not. He was ready to kill every mother's son in Bolivia who got in his way. That's how dedicated Guevara was to his imagination. That's where his revolution began, in his imagination, and for him that would be the only place where it could end. The people he had already killed and all those he planned to kill when he could make the right arrangements for it would be dedicated to the turnings of his imagination.

Inwardly I began arguing with him. Inwardly I shouted: "Why don't you start at the top, you asshole? Why are you starting at the bottom again? Why don't you keep it among your own kind, you shit? Those who

have a passion to use others for their own ends? Eh? You don't like the way Bolivia is ruled?" I yelled inwardly. "Kill the ruler, you fucking intellectual. What is it about you people? You always kill the people the tyrant rules, never the tyrant. Kill the generals, not the soldiers. Kill the politicos, not the citizens. When will you ever understand?"

"Bradley?" I heard Bryant say quietly."

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be okay?"

"Are you talking to yourself?"

"I'm okay. Let's let it go."

"All right."

After a moment Bryant said very quietly: "Maybe tomorrow you'll want to talk about it."

"Bryant," I said. "Let's let it go. Okay?"

"All right."

"And turn off that fucking music. Will you do that?"

Excerpted from a work-in-progress titled *A Personal History of Moral Decay.* You can find a working draft here.

http://tinyurl.com/p7jz7eu

Another Ordinary Life: Notes and News

Bradley Smith

*** **The last couple days I have gotten notices from three unknown entities that I am to appear in court, charged with—what?** The notices do not say. I am asked to open an attachment to obtain copies of the legal documents. I don't think so. This is an attempt to lure me into something that will end by shutting down my page. Each message arrived from a different email address, but I suppose they all originated from the same party. Someone, maybe, who believes it wrong to address falsehoods at the USHMM or elsewhere? Here is the first of the three:

Notice to Appear in Court PO2373.zip

<details458@palawyers.com>

"Hereby you are notified that you have been scheduled to appear for your hearing that will take place in the court of **Riverside** in April 23, 2014 at 09:30 am. You are kindly asked to prepare and bring the documents relating to the case to court on the specified date. Enclosed please find the copy of the court notice for the case mentioned above. Note: If you do not attend the hearing the judge may hear the case in your absence.

"Yours truly,

"WILKINS Aguilar. Clerk of court."

I received a second with a very similar text stating that I am to appear in the court of **Sacramento** on April 22, 2014 at 11:45 am. And a third to take place in the court of **Moreno Valley** in May 04, 2014 at 09:00 am.

I am not including the document links here so that you will not inadvertently sign into it.

*** **Jack Martin drops Professor Rebecca Church, University of Iowa, a line. She is the lady who wrote last month expressing her disdain for revisionism and me.**

"Dear Professor Church,

"I wonder if you had anticipated that your exchange of e-mails with Bradley Smith would be published.

"I think that if you had anticipated it you would have been more careful with your comments or, better still, have avoided the exchange altogether, so as to avoid the inescapable embarrassment.

"In that exchange, you repeatedly impute dishonesty to Mr. Smith. In psychology, that is what is known as projection... 'the attribution of one's own attitudes, feelings, or suppositions to others.'

"You would know that of course but sometimes our own failings are the ones most difficult for us to discern.

"A scriptural verse come to mind:

"'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considereth not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'—Matt. 7:3,5. Being a his-

tory professor, PhD and all, you carry a certain authority.

"Yet, I am reminded of a seminar, given by a prominent revisionist, that I attended many years ago. The professor had just made a critical comment concerning something a certain 'scholar' had said or written. A woman present chided him for it saying, 'but he has a doctor's degree!'

"The lady's comment appeared to catch him by surprise and he seemed quite amused by it.

"'You know,' replied the professor, 'some of the biggest idiots I know have doctor's degrees.'

"Maybe you should try looking at the other side of the issue: After all... 'Truth has no need to fear the light of day; fallacies wither under it. The unpopular views of today are the commonplaces of tomorrow, and in any case the wise man wants to hear both sides of every question.' -- Sir Stanley Unwin

"But then, looking at the other side of the issue would unavoidably take you to a place that would end in career termination, wouldn't it?

"No choice at all there... unless truth actually matters... which, in the hallowed halls of contemporary academia, it seemingly does not.

"On second thought, it does matter... a great deal. It matters to the extent that it is, as they say... *streng verboten!*

"'I may be wrong,' to quote basketball great Charles Barkley, 'but I doubt it.'

"Perhaps, in your capacity as history professor, you can point to some credible empirical evidence for the 'Holocaust' legend that revisionists have either missed or failed to understand. If so, please enlighten us. But if all you can offer is abuse and insult, you will be justifiably seen as one either lacking in competence in your field of presumed expertise... or in personal integrity... or both.

"Incidentally, the dodge that a particular point of view is unworthy of the dignity of a reply will not wash. That is simply cowardly evasion and thinking people will immediately recognize it as such. But then, there are probably not many 'thinking people' where you work."

Jack Martin.
Scottsdale, AZ

*** David Cole Breaks Years of Silence at IHR Meeting

Mark Weber reports that David Cole—now 45 years old—was in good form as he addressed a spirited, well-attended

David Cole

IHR meeting in southern California on Feb. 22, 2014. His lively, articulate presentation was packed with colorful anecdotes, humorous asides and eye-opening insights. The event included an introduction by Weber, and a robust question-and-answer session.

Cole stands by what he said and wrote during the 1990s about Auschwitz and the Holocaust. He is not a Holocaust revisionist to make any kind of political point. There is no political or ideological "agenda" or motive behind his nonconformist views on this subject, or his extensive investigation of the Holocaust issue, he explained.

He also ran one of the largest GOP organizing operations on the West Coast, "Republican Party Animals," which mixed congressmen, military leaders, and administration officials with rock and roll, pole dancers, and abundant alcoholic beverages. There's much more about this, Cole added, in his forthcoming memoir, Republican Party Animal. http://tinyurl.com/kvmj5o3

There is a two-hour audio recording of the IHR event available from IHR as a two disc CD set. http://tinyurl.com/lpq8rkt

*** On 16 March I attended a lecture by David Irving at the Hampton Inn, a bit north of San Diego. Normally I could not have attended because of the traveling expense, but I had an appointment the next morning with oncology and general surgery at the VA Hospital in La Jolla, less than ten miles from where he was speaking.

The get-together was a modest affair in a fine little conference room, a dozen people seated around one table with Irving at the head and me, a late-comer with my driver, Paloma, sitting at the other where some of his books were stacked.

The talk was on "Dr Goebbels, Hitler, and the Holocaust." A big subject. Everything I heard was interesting. I made notes on a little pad but after ten days they are no longer useful. I do recall that I was surprised to find that Hitler had a sense of humor, and was sentimental about a number of his relationships. The sentimentality complicated how he worked with a number of associates in government and in the military as well. A personal characteristic that adds to his humanity—he was only a man, as Stone has it—and that looks to have been at the root of some deadly mistakes on his part. It's a subject that I would like to learn more about, but. . . .

I had thought, hoped, that some of the attendees would be people I know through my own work but have never met. In the event, all the attendees were new to me. That in itself was interesting. A dozen new revisionist faces in my own neighborhood.

In the end I was aware that there is no one I would rather listen to, lecturing or just talking, than David Irving. He is the best speaker, as a speaker, I have ever listened to.

*** The next morning at the VA I learned that the cancer is back for the third time, but moving very slowly. It's too early to do even preliminary surgery to see what's what. We'll take another look at it in a couple months. Meanwhile, I feel ok.

*** Only yesterday I learned that Bank of America has set up a Merchants Services account for me and by the time you have this to hand I will once again be able to accept donations via credit card, something that I have not been able to do for going on two years. Is that good news, or what?

*** "Life is what happens to you while you were making other plans. – John Lennon

*** Did Oliver Stone read Primo Levi? Levi is quoted: "Monsters exist, but they are too few in numbers to be truly dangerous. More dangerous are the functionaries ready to believe and act without asking questions." It's the behavior of the "functionaries" that catches my attention.

I have written elsewhere about my own behavior as a soldier in 1950/51. I volunteered to leave a safe post in Carlisle Pennsylvania to serve as a rifleman in Korea. Not out of patriotism, but for an adventure. Once there my understanding was that I would be willing to do anything I was ordered to do. I was ready to believe and to act without asking questions. I would be the perfect "functionary" I was only twenty years old, but in a civilized society I would have learned to not follow blindly our Great Leader in Washington D.C.

*** In the 29 March issue of *Veterans Today* Jonas E. Alexis addresses a book by Bryan Mark Rigg titled Hitler's Jewish Soldiers, which earned Rigg the Colby Award in 2003. Alexis tells us that Rigg argues that "tens of thousands of men of Jewish descent served in the Wehrmacht during Hitler's rule," and according to his best estimate, the number of soldiers of Jewish extraction was more than 150,000.

This suggests a couple interesting questions that I might put to Mistress Bloomfield at the USHMM. Surely this is a matter that is treated in great detail on their Website. I think I'm joking here, but we'll see.

*** Thanks to one and all who contributed to the work in March. It looks like in April I will continue to address Ms. Bloomfield at the USHMM and send it all over the Internet. We'll see what comes of it.

Until next month.

Bradley

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Letters and Donations to:

Bradley R. Smith
Post Office Box 439016
San Ysidro, CA 92143

Desk: 209 682 5327

Email

bradley1930@yahoo.com